

NEBULO ANGLICANUS.  
Or, The First Part of the  
BLACK LIFE  
OF

John Gadbury.

It is the Same

J O H N G A D B U R Y  
That was in the Popish Plot to murder *Charles II.*  
in the Year 1678.

It is the Same

J O H N G A D B U R Y  
That was accused of being in another Plot, to dethrone  
and destroy King *William*, in the Year 1690.

It is the Same

J O H N G A D B U R Y  
That at this Time is so strait-lac'd in Conscience that he cannot  
take the Oaths to their Present Majesties.  
Together with an Answer to a Late Pamphlet of His.

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By J. PARTRIDGE.

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*I have fought with Beasts after the manner of Men, &c.*

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London: Printed, and are to be sold by the Booksellers of  
London and Westminster, 1693.

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Good People pity me, for I'm half mad,  
 Both Fool and Knave, and every thing that's bad:  
 Begot by Chance, my Stars with Loves soft arm  
 (No Priest concern'd) gave Figure to the Sperm.  
 My Furious Form thus laid, her sullen Womb,  
 Preserv'd the wonder of the Age to come;  
 I've liv'd in Vice and Tricking all my days,  
 And I'll be any thing to live in Ease;  
 I'll be a Heathen, Protestant, or Jew,  
 A Turk, a Papist, any thing that's new;  
 Let but the Priests of my Religion say it,  
 Go Swear, or Kill, I'll certainly obey it;  
 My Crimes (Pox take my Fate) I can't disown,  
 There's nothing vexeth me, but that they're known;  
 Nay, many Vices more infect my Will;  
 But my Discretion keeps them secret still;  
 Well, pray for me (Romes Saints) 'tis that I crave,  
 A poor fall'n Brother, but all over Slave;  
 And in my good old Shape too, I'll appear,  
 Your Thumble Prophet, and your Bodkin Seer.

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TO THE

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Most Exquisitly Accomplish'd

IN

Plotting, Tricking,

AND

INGRATITUDE,

My Honoured Friend,

*Mr. John Thimble, of Brick-Court.*

May it please Your Insolency,

**O**UT of a horrible respect to Your Ignorance, and want of Merit, as well as Vertue and Honesty, I have made bold to borrow a Grain from your vast Treasury of Impudence, to qualifie and render me more acceptable to your superbiuous Tutorship; and that by the help of your Frowns I may more carelessly approach your Imperious Carcass, to kiss your Fist of Violence with this small bundle of Gratitude, and with a great deal of Submission (for I know you expect Surreverence;) I humbly desire you to remember how grateful you were to Mr. Lilly, your Kind and Generous Master, that rescued you from the Thimble-Dispensation, and taught you how to get meat to your Bread, that being (you know) the First and Second Course, when you lived within less than a Mile of Strand-Bridge; and after this and abundance more of Kindness,

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## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*ness, which you have acknowledged in Print, the worst Word in your Budget was too good for him; and you have abused him who was your Master, as much as you have done Me, that You say was your Pupil. Hah Jack, Gratitude, Gratitude! Master and Pupil both suffer alike, no Mercy in Brick Court. And so I take my Leave of my Confoundedly Learned Pythagor-Als, and both with God and Awl I shall attend your Thimble and Bodkin, and am ready to serve You, while I am*

J. P.

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TO

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To the Impartial

# R E A D E R.

*Friend, or no Friend,*

I Have lately met with a Scandalous Invidious Pamphlet, sent into the World without a Name (called *Merlini Liberati Errata*) as if the Author of it, either for Scandalous Crimes, or other Villanies, were asham'd to let the World know from whence it came, and also would very fain have the World believe it was done by some Friend to F. G. one that is willing to defend him, that is either unable, or asham'd to defend himself: But whosoever hath had any Conversation with Mr. *John Thimble*, will easily guess who spawn'd this spurious Brat, for it is as like its *Dad*, as if it had been digg'd out of his A—— with a Pick-Axe: In a word, it came from our Popish-Protestant Conjuror in *Brick Court*.

And therefore, good Reader, pardon the Entertainment I must here give you of such a Fulsome and Nauseous Subject; and pray pity me that must endure the Stench of raking into the Vicious Actions, and worse Conversation of a *Dung-hill Fellow*, that stinks in the Nostrils of all good and sober people: A *Fellow* that is a Scandal to Humanity, a *Satyr* upon Vertue, a *Hater* of Truth, a *Promoter* of Slavery, a *Protestant* in Masquerade, a *Renegado* in Religion; *unkind* to those that have served him, *unjust* to his Wife, *unchast* in his Conversation, *unfaithful* to his Friend, *treacherous* to his Prince, and a *Sworn Enemy* to the Religion and Liberties of *England*.

I know very well that Contention of this nature is never welcome in *Print* to Mankind in general; nor had I took the pains of writing, or given you the trouble of reading these *Sheets of Controversie*, had it not been to justify my self from the Aspersions of my Adversary, who hath bespattered me with Falshood; and to tell you the Truth, he is a Common Lyar.

## To the Impartial Reader.

If you meet with any *Rough Words*, or *Personal* and *Mechanica Reflections* in the Pages following, I desire you to read them over with a charitable and friendly Censure; for I do assure you there is not any thing of that nature but what falls from my Pen unwillingly, and was forcibly drawn from me by his foul and scurrilous Language; and in reference to Mechanical Reflections, as my Pen never quarrell'd till he threw down the Gantlet, so I never touch'd upon those till he broke the Ice: So that you see he is still the Aggressor in all things of this Nature.

As to his *Unskilfulness* in his *Profession*, his *Self-contradiction*, *False* and *Ignorant Assertions* in *Astrology*, and *Confused Rules* and *Apophisms*, *stolen*, *asserted*, and *applied*, I do not think fit to publish them in such a Treatise as this is, but in one where they shall remain not for a Year, but for an Age, and to be read by such persons as will be competent Judges in the Matter, whether I speak Truth, or not.

But I will here take the Liberty to remind him and the World of one thing, since he hath endeavour'd to make me appear so ignorant and silly a Fellow as he doth; and that is in his Epistle to my *Vade Mecum*; where he says, "This Learned Epitomy of Astrology, here presented unto thee (Worthy Reader) is a most Exact and genuine Piece of Art, free from Impurity and Falshood; Thou hast here the Oar of Science without the Dregs; the True Wine without the Dregs; and all the Parts of this Most Excellent and Useful Learning so well and judiciously methodis'd, and so neatly and curiously handled by our Author, in a Vein so modest and taking, without perplexing his Matter with any thing impertinent and useles, that this Book alone is sufficient to make thee a Competent Artist in every part of Astrology —" — In a word, there is nothing wanting but our Thanks to the Author for his *Great Care*, and *Pains* taken therein. Now I suppose no man will doubt but he meant what he said at that time; if so, it is a wonder I should be so much altered (as he seems to infer and prove in his late Libel) and grown less skilful. If I did deserve that Commendation then, he is an ill man to endeavour to prove the contrary now; if I did not deserve it then, he was a Fool or a Knave to give it.

But in a short time you will have a full and a fair Account of our *Brick-Court Astrologer*, where he shall appear the most ignorant man that ever pretended to the Art in Print.

By Your Friend J. P.

# Short ACCOUNT

Of a Few

## REMARKABLE PASSAGES

IN THE

## EDUCATION and LIFE

Of Honest J. G.

**W**E see plainly that Nature hath not bound her self to a particular Method in the Order and Way of Generation in all Creatures, but sports her self in the Variety and Order both as to Time, and Method, just as she doth in the Colours of Herbs and Flowers: A Fly-blow on a Cabbage turns to a Maggot, and afterwards to a Butterfly with curious Colours. Serpents lay their Eggs, and they are hatch'd by the heat of the Dung, or some other hot Soyl; They tell us of a sort of Creature in India, that when they conceive, the Female bites off the Male's Head; and when the young ones are ripe for Production, they are not brought forth like other Creatures, but gnaw their way through the Dam's Belly. Cats are very modest in Coition, and always do it privately; but Dogs and their Kind generate openly in the Streets with a sort of Impudence, as some other Creatures do. Hence the Poet

*Vipers bring Vipers forth, by this I find  
Bitches get Puppies to supply their Kind.*

It is no Scandal for any of the Divine Urania's Servants either to be a By-blow, or got, or born at a venture, without the consent either of Priest or Parish; nor is every one bound to wait for the Convenience of Chamber-Furniture, or the Invitation of the Kindred;

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Sometimes a *Taylor* waiting to try the *Lady's Stays*, lets fly at the Game, and receives the Fertile Product of his Labour at Nine Months end. They say an ill *Bird* lays an ill *Egg*: If so, the *Brood* must be of the same Nature that is thence produced. You see Children born of dull heavy Parents, how stupid and blockish they naturally are; and that *Bastards* are generally brisk and airy, and also promoters of the same way that gave them their Being. I know a *Hero* born of an *Illustrious Dam*, who had a peculiar way to consecrate *Nosegays* to borrow money with; you'll wonder how, I'll warrant you; and indeed so you may very well; — and so let's enter *Don Phyllo Mathematicus*, *Secretary* and *Buffoon* to the *Divine Urania*, who was born *December 3<sup>ist</sup>*. between the Old Year and the New, as if Nature had form'd him for a *Squint-ey'd Proselite*, always looking two ways; or like a *Waterman*, that looks one way, and rows another; one that was doom'd by his Stars to draw his Religion once a year, as people do *Valentines* by lot; and also defends the Faith he hath drawn, till the Season comes again for him to draw a new one.

This Little *Furioso*, while in *Swadling Cloaths*, gave early Demonstrations of his respect to Religion; for where-ever he saw a *Cross* (especially a gilded one) he would always make a *Reverend Bow* to it, which gave his Mother (who was a *Papist*) mighty hopes of his future Perfection in the Old Faith; nor did there want early Arguments of his *Fertile Fancy*, and *Quick Parts*, for they say he would often B—— two or three Clouts before his Nurse could wash one. Likewise when he did arrive at the growth of a *Strand-ing-Stool*, he was immediately hammering at the crabbed Expressions of *Silly-gisms*, *Dilemma's*, *Arks* and *Semidiameters*; so that his indulgent Parents began to think of sending this little Elf to the University of *Oxford*, before he was corrupted with the Education of his *Hornbook*.

And indeed this was soon put in practice afterwards, and away they sent him to *St. Nicholas's College*, where by the help of a good *Tutor*, and a *whetting Diet*, this little Thief grew as sharp as a Needle, to the admiration of all the Fellows of that House, and the circumadjacent Colleges, who spent their time in that kind of Study; so that it was generally agreed on as a *Gratitude* to his Merit, and for the Reputation of his Parts, to confer on him that Honourable Title of *Lousy Jack*; and under this Reputation he was for some time made *Runner General* for the whole Society, where he spent a few years to make him fit to take his Degrees at *London*;



to which place he came at a good suitable Age, as you shall suddenly hear more at large.

To compleat his Crimes in the future part of his Life, to London comes our *Academician*, and put himself a *Club* (he knows the Term which is common among Philosophers of that Sect) to a *Merchant Adventurer*, whose Name was *Thorn*, living near *Strand-Bridge*: These Merchants do generally use a Sparing Diet about *July* and *August*, walk with their *Hands in their Pockets*, and suddenly after go a *Nutting*: With this Master he continued some time, and in conclusion (being moved by a pious Inclination) entered into the Holy State of *Matrimony*: But under what Circumstances he was afterwards, I shall forbear to mention, as being unwilling to reflect on those Accidents that naturally attend the Order of Nature, and the Fate of Mankind, Poverty and Necessity being liable to every man at one time or other of his Life, and he that never feels the smart of it, may be reckoned among the happiest sort of men in this World: And indeed here must I put an end to the more innocent part of his Life, and also make a bar between the former and the latter; for now he puts on the *Armour of a bad Conscience*, to justify and defend his *worse Crimes*, and also a *Vail of Piety*, *alias Hypocritise*, to be thought a Man of great Religion and Vertue in his new Undertakings; For now he resolves (as his Actions prove) to be *not Caesar, not Nullus*, and to want no Preferment that Crimes can procure.

And to qualifie him for the Excellence of such Undertakings, he falls in with the then *Presbyterian Congregations* in London, and afterwards with the *Independents*, as himself says in his *Doctrine of Nativities*, pag. 262. "About the 22d year of his Age (he says) he was almost mad about the Doctrine of Predestination, because he could not find in himself those signs of God's Love and Favour which they told him of; and therefore sometimes concluded that he was in a state of Damnation: But this Religious Strain did not hold long, for indeed it was too hot to hold; and if you do but observe, you will for the most part find such *Young Zealots* as he was, are generally more *Whoremongers* than *Divines*; he suddenly thinks of hunting for a new Religion, and it must be such a one too that must secure him from the fear of Damnation under his greatest Crimes and Villanies; and the first he met with, and most suitable to his Humour was the *Family of Love, Rappers, or Swick-finger of Israel*; Coppe at that time being the Head of them, and my Friend *John's*, *Spiritual Father*; and as the Can then run, *He loves him*

him in the Lord; which was as much as to say, He converted him: This was the only fit Faith and Religion that ever my Friend found, for never was *Halter* and *Thief* better matched, than *John* and this *Family of Love*; for Lewdness, Whoredom and all Vice, were the Principles and Practice of this Zealous Crew, they holding all things in common, from the Purse to the Placket; now our Friend begins to put himself forward, and shew his Parts by instructing the rest of the Crew; and to that end, being more than half drunk, at *London-wall* he undertook to preach from that Passage in the 11th of *Judges*, and the 1st. ver. *And Jephthah was the Son of a Harlot*; a very proper Text for Mr. *John* to discourse to the people, and especially if he doth but consider how plaguy doubtful his own Birth was (he knows the meaning of it) and recollects the Passages that then occur'd.

This sort of *Faith-jobbing* did not content him long, and therefore some new thing was to be again found out; and to that end, when *Cromwell* came to be *Protector*, he begins to insinuate at *White-hall*, in order to make an Interest, to dedicate his Book, called the *Doctrine of Nativities* to *Oliver*; to which end he tells how he had been a Sufferer, and lost his Fortune and Estate by the *Royal Party*; and that he was ready to ingage all that he had left to serve that Interest; but somebody cut the Grass under *John's* Feet, and no Butter stuck upon his Bread at that time, so that then he thought it most convenient to turn *Book-wright* for a *Spiritual Livelihood*.

The *Protector* going off the Stage, and *Charles II.* coming in, *John* then falls in, Hand and Heart, with that Government; Turns *Church of England Man*, and it was *Charles the Martyr* at every Word; then he call'd the *Nonconformists*, *Rebels* and *Rascals*, and rail'd like a *Butter-whore* at them in defence of the Church; and by this way of Insinuation he was at last taken notice of by some of those then Red-hot Saints, and from *Jewin street* in 1666. he comes to *Westminster*, where he did generally appear at the *Abby* once every *Sunday*, to cheat Mankind into a good Opinion of his Sanctity; when to say the Truth, it was no more but a *Hypocritical Paroxysm*, as you will see hereafter.

About the Year 1667. he fell mightily in love with the *Gardiner's Daughter*, who was another Man's Wife at that time, who by Vocal Conversation, and Amorous Letters, and Copies of Verses, he perswades her to leave her Husband Bed, and come and keep him and his Wife company; the silly woman complies, and was by his

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mountain Promises deluded, and by the help of *Don John*, under his Wife's Nose, she humbly conceived in a little time; then he decoy'd her to *Mrs. W's*, with great Promises to take care of her, and visit her often, but after he had got her out of his own House, he never went near her: This put her into a deep Melancholy, which made *Mrs. W.* ask the reason, which when she knew, went to *John*, and acquainted him with the Matter; *Ay*, says he, *hath she told it? then let her go like a Whore as she is; a true Scorpionist.* The poor Woman made hard shift to subsist, and at last was brought to Bed; and when she was up again, three Whores (you may guess by whom employed) met her in the Evening, and had like to have killed her: After this her Husband indicted this Friend of Mine at the Sessions, for debauching his Wife, and a few days before it was to come to a Tryal, he was murdered privately, and 'tis forty to one but you will guess who did it, or at least had a hand in it: *A True Blew Catholick Saint*, and all this time one of our Church, and at the *Abby* almost every Sunday. *Monstrum horrendum!* Can any man sleep in peace that has the ghastly Ghost of a murdered man in his mind? or appearing before the Eyes of his wretched restless Conscience: It is no wonder to me, to see men run and rush into the most flagitious Crimes in Nature, that have been once fluster in the Blood of *Mankind*, and what is a leader to it, *Subornation of Perjury*; two such Crimes, that all Christian Governments have provided the severest of Laws for their severe punishments.

From this time forward for some years together, he was ruffling all Mankind, vindicating *Scorpia*, and promising us his *Body of Tauology*: Nor to mention any thing of the Two *By-blows* that were at Nurse in *Turtle-fields*, where his Friend *Raxter* told me he had been with him divers times; nor the Friendship and Intimacy he then contracted with the Trayterous *Papish Priests*, from whom he learned the Murdering Principles afterward discovered in the *Papish Plot*, as you may see by *Mr. Dangerfield's* own Words, in his *Animadversions on Gadbury's Almanack for 1682.* his words are these, speaking to *John Gadbury*.

'That you and I, upon, or about the 2d of September 1680, entering into Discourse, I perceived your Countenance to change; when looking very angrily on me, you told me, That you wonderred that I would offer to displease the Lords in the *Tower*, especially the Lord *Castlemain* (then out upon Bail) who desired to advance me in the World, and help me to make my Fortune. To which I replied, That I was not a little surprized to hear such words.

‘ words from you, and asked you if you knew the ground of their  
 ‘ displeasure; you then replied yes, yes, you did; and then falling  
 ‘ into a great Passion, said, It was because I would not kill the  
 ‘ King; said you to me, I admire at your Ingratitude, that when  
 ‘ you could not propose to your self any possible way of getting  
 ‘ out of Prison, &c. that you should offer to refuse it; Nay, said  
 ‘ you to me, I might have done it with all the ease in the world, for  
 ‘ no manner of hurt could have befallen me: Why, said I, would  
 ‘ not Death unavoidably have been the consequence of it? No, said  
 ‘ you, for before I was released out of the King’s Bench, you had an  
 ‘ exact account from Mrs. Cellier, of the Year, Month, Week, Day  
 ‘ and Hour I was born in, and the Countess of P. ordered you to  
 ‘ calculate my Nativity; And it is so clear, said you to me, that  
 ‘ you are by all adjudged the Person allotted for that bold and da-  
 ‘ ring Enterprize. This is the Attestation left by Mr. Dangerfield;  
 So that you see he is not content to be padding in Blood himself, but  
 for perswading others to engage in those Black Crimes also; for  
 which he was taken into custody the 2d of November, Anno  
 1679. And this is the first notorious Plot that we find him engaged  
 in against the King, Religion and Government of England, at  
 which time he was certainly a Papist; he having at, or about that  
 time told a Friend of mine, That under this last Conjunction in Leo,  
 and its Effects, all Europe would be subjugated to the Romish See,  
 and that it was good policy in all wise men to turn betimes, and so  
 advised him. Hence you may be certain, that he who advised o-  
 thers, was without doubt of that Perswasion himself. Yet for all  
 this, he denied it before the King and Counsel, and forswore it upon  
 the Sacrament, in his *Magna Veritas*; and yet in 1685. I heard him  
 own it; and afterwards he openly profess himself a Papist. And  
 after all this Hypocritical Faith-jobbing, I hear he is turn’d Protestant  
 again, and a special one too, no doubt, and it is indeed, the fifth  
 or sixth time he hath found it convenient to change his Religion, if  
 ever he had any.

While he was in Prison, he sent his Maid with a Present of Plate  
 to Sir T. D. to get his Pardon, but he finding the Case so foul, re-  
 fused to be concerned in it; however he trebled the value of his Pre-  
 sent, and sent it to another (now dead) by whose means, and  
 some Popish Interest, his Pardon was produced. Yet during his  
 Confinement he had accused Dame Cellier of some foul Treasona-  
 ble Crimes before the King and Council, which he gave under his  
 Hand; but when she came to be tryed the Summer following, in  
 West-

*Westminster-Hall*, and he called to justify what he had before sworn against her ; He told the Judge, He did not remember any such thing; he own'd it was his Hand, but his Memory was bruised by being in Prison, and he could not say any thing to the Matter : A very honest Fellow ! For this and some other *Papish Services* he received 200 l. In the Year 1681. a certain Member of the Church of *Laodicea*, that liv'd within a mile and a half of *Strand-Bridge*, and well known to my Friend *J. Gadbury* and my self, for many vertuous Qualifications, drew up in a Paper certain Articles, of several high and Treasonable Crimes against Sir T. D. and then brought these to Mr. *Sprigg* in *King-street, Westminster*, and desired him to go before a Justice of Peace, and make Affidavit of its Truth, but Mr. *Sprigg* desired a little time to consider of it; which being granted, away he came to me, and asked my Opinion what he should do in it ? I asked him if it was true ? he said, No ; Why, then said I, do not you by any means oblige a Villain with a False Oath, to ruin any Gentleman's Reputation and Estate, and perhaps life too. But, said he, I owe him Money, and am afraid, if I do deny this thing, he will arrest me. No, said I, never fear that, for this thing of Subornation will keep him in awe I dare engage; and from that time this *Laodicean* did differ with Mr. *Sprigg* for refusing this horrid thing, and *Knave* and Villain were the best Words he could give him ; and there are several yet living, that know this Villanous thing from Mr. *Sprigg's* Relation, &c.

In the Year 1681 and 1682. his Maid took an occasion to leave her Master (he then being a Widower) I think twice, &c. says, he to his Kinswoman, let her go, she will be glad to come again, when she finds she cannot mend her self : And truly just as he said, so it fell out ; for after she had been gone about three Months, she returned much slenderer than she was when she went away, for I suppose she had been cured of a *Timpany*, or some other disease of the *Bowels*; perhaps some *Tumor* or *Excrescence* in her *Womb*, of which she did very well, and was fit to follow her former Employment again. Now what man of Sense can doubt his being a *Conjuror*, for how should he know else she would come again ? he must have this from some plaghy cunning Star, such a one, I suppose, as he predicted the Prince of *Wales* by, in 1686. Ah *John*, did you ever know an Owl and a Sparrowhawk build both in a Hole ? pray where was your Handmaid chubb'd after the cure of the *Timpany* that you infused into her ?

In



In the Year 1684. he was frequently conversant with the *Popish Priests*, and no doubt but he could have given us an account of the fatal Stroke that was given the 2<sup>d</sup> of February following, if he had thought it convenient; *Poper*y was his *Darling*, and it must be brought in, though the Nation was wash'd in Blood for its Entertainment.

In the Year 1685. he was extremely full of Business, the Nation being then a Sacrifice to *Poper*y, and he as a Servant to the *Idol Priests*, did expect a share in the Offerings; it was now time for him to shew his early Compliyance with the Enemies of England, and shew early Signs of his Conversion; for it was his *Maxim* to fev'ral at that time, *That none should be preferr'd but Roman Catholicks*, and such as would be so when the King pleas'd, Ergo, &c. Now it was that he told Mr. B. *That the first time he went to Mass, there were twelve English Peers there at Mass at the same time, and now was the time for him to make his Calling and Election sure. A pious hopeful Christian!* And the better to pave his way to Preferment, he now undertook the Office of a *Runner*, and an *Informer*, in order to ruine five or six Gentlemen in London, by a *Scandalum Mag.* for publishing Mr. *Dangerfield's Narrative*; this was a blessed time. But to say the truth, *John* got 20 per Cent. by it. And who of *John's* Perswasion would not be a Villain for that Wages? when, for ought he knew, there were half a dozen men to be ruined for it. But no matter for that; were his Father now living, and a Protestant, he would betray him too, rather than miss getting the Money; I know his Principle so well.

In 1686. and 1687. Mr. *Bounce* went about like a Roaring Lyon to make Converts for his old *Granny*, the *Whore* of Babylon; now it was that he told Mr. B. *He must be forced to have him to Father Petre; and Father Ellis*; those two who he had brought him to before, being not able to convert him. Now it was that he impudently said, *It would never be well till that King laid by Parliaments, and rul'd by his Absolute Power.* Now it was he said, *The Kings of England were not oblig'd by Law, to take the Coronation Oath*; Reply, pag. 8. Now it was he promised the *Papists*, *An Eternal Settlement in England*, and that their Cause and Power would be as durable as the Sun, Epistle to his *Almanack*. 1686. But alas, they had nothing to say for it, but *Honest Jack's Word*: His Word, What's that worth, when the Nation knows he is a ——— Now it was that he told us, *There never was a y such think as a Plot by the Papists, in King James the First's Time*, Reply pag. 3. which I suppose. implies a Reason why he al-  
ways



ways omitted it in his *Almanack* every Year. Now what think you of my Dark Lanthorn Conjurer, is he not a Seraphick Youth? at this time I can assure you he was an *Impudent, Insolent, openly-profess'd Papist*, and talk'd both like Knave and Fool. Now it was that he rail'd and rav'd against the *Church of England* in defence of *Popery*, as he us'd to do against the *Nonconformists* and *Fanatics*, in defence of the *Church of England*, after *Charles the Second* came in: Now it was that all were Villains and Traytors (in *John's* Opinion) that would not submit against the Laws to a *Popish King*, and give up their Liberties, Estates, &c. to Old *Granne Church* again, to maintain *Abby Lubbers*, and Whorish Nuns, *John's* peculiar Saints; and now it was he wanted to be a Justice of Peace.

In 1688. when the Party began to apprehend a Storm, *Jack's* Business was to support them with Promises, and apply warm Clouts to their Capacities, while his own trembled like an Apsen-leaf; see his fulsome *Almanack* for that Year. Now it was he gave a written Paper out among the *Papists*, wherein were Words to this purport, the Prince being then coming; *He hoped to see him; and his Great men with him, brought to make Speeches at Tower-hill and Tyburn*: you see *Honest John* was then for making thorough Work; whoever affronted him, or *Granne Church* at that time, he scorn'd to give himself the trouble to contend, or talk out his Thoughts to them, or convert them, but throw a Halter, a Hatchet, or a Gallows at them, and then their Work was done, and they were certainly dead in Law; What! Affront *Jack*, or his Church!

In 1689. *John* was come to his *Ne plus Ultra* in *Popery*, and for a long time never said his Prayers, because he did not know what sort of them he should take up with next; for he resolves to go to Heaven by no other Religion than that which is in fashion; no matter if it be *Mabumetism*, that will do according to *John's* Notion in his *Epistle* to his *Almanack*, 1682. where he says, *That God always sends Kings of that Religion which he expects those Nations to be of, where they govern*: This is a very honest Fellow; he came raw into the World, and will never go roasted out for Religion, I will pass my word for him.

In 1690. about June, *John* was catch'd at the Post-Office, in sending a Bundle of Treason to some of his *Popish* Friends, in which was one of *King James's Declarations*, a *Treasonable Copy of Verses* against the King and Queen, which he promised his Friend, should be printed in a short time; but above all, a most Villanous

Letter against the Government, in which he assured his Friend, that King J's Declarations were set up on all the Church Doors in Devonshire and Cornwall, and that they had agreed with the French King to take off all their Tin at a certain rate, and they had all declared for King James; and to use his own Words for it, he said, King J's Interest was like a Cart overbrowed, and therefore they must get a considerable help to set it upright on its Wheels again, and then drive on as before.

Now I would ask him if this Rebellious Principle is agreeable to his old *Noissey Doctrine of Non-resistance*, when he asks, what is *Passive Obedience* turned into, *bearding, upbraiding, and detroning of Kings*, *Rep.* pag. 21. But at that time John was a *Papish Casuist* to defend a base and Villanous Cause, the shaven Crowns, and their Dowbaked Gods; the very Treason that he was taken in that Year, in the Late bloody Reigns would have hang'd any man: The D. of Monmouth's Declaration took away *Will. Disney's* Life; and Collonel Sidney died for publishing a Book in his Study; Mr. Colledge for carrying a Regiment of men in a Portmanteau to seize the King at Oxford; but John met with a more merciful Government; and a better Fate, but how he deserved it, I will leave you to judge.

In 1691: his time was employed in supporting the Party, and giving them assurances of their old Master's Return, and this by the power of the Stars. In the end of 1688. he did assure them he would be here again by *Christmas*, or to use his own words for it, For a *New-years-Gift*; that failing, he engaged he would be here at farthest, by *Easter*, in 1689. but that also failing; and then he was certain he would not fail of being here by *Michaelmas*, and then he put them off till *Easter* 1690. and because he would be sure of it then, he was in a Plot himself to restore him; just like Young *Nostradamus*, they tell of, who predicted the burning of a City, and rather than have his Prophecy want success, he fired it himself, for which he was hang'd.

In 1692. he had a fresh Ferment in his Conscience about Religion, and having not confidence to go to the Abby where he used to go, when he was a supposed Protestant before, I hear he comes now to St. Margaret's Church as a Protestant, and with abundance of Devotion, you may be sure; where he certainly lies *purdue*, to watch for another Opportunity to change his Religion, or rather to shape his Conscience according to the next New Cut of Faith

Faith that he finds suitable to his Advantage and Interest, they being the two main Arguments of his Religion and Piety; and notwithstanding he is again turned a *Mungrel Protestant* of the Church of England, I have heard very lately, that he hath trump't up a New Argument, to encourage the Papists, and their Accomplices to expect their Old Master next Year, 1694. and that is from the MC *ad* 8 4: but the Lord help his Ignorance and his Folly, and pity those that are deluded by him, for that Direction will not come up before he is almost 69 years of Age, in the year 1702. and for the MC. *ad*  $\Delta$   $\odot$  that comes up not till 1709. so great is his Ignorance and Confidence, to comfort the Party with Lies and Juggles.

Thus I have brought this worthy Gentleman to the 65th Year of his Age, and very fairly given you the Account of his Life, as to those things I treat of, and do really think I have not done him any Injury in relating Matter of Fact; if I am any ways out, or amiss, it is only in being short, and not relating his Crimes to the height they were acted by their Author; and therefore I had rather modestly screen his Villanies with a deficiency in Relation of them, than to abound in their History at this time; and this the rather, because the very Glimpse of them in this short Account, will give him so foul, and so black a Character, that all men of Honesty and Honour will detest his Principles, and conclude him to be the greatest ——— in the world. What will you say to him that enticeth away, and steals his Neighbour's Dog? Why, you cannot call him less than Thief; but then what will you judge him to be, that by *Amorous Letters*, *Copies of Verses*, and *Vocal Persuasions*, enticeth away his Neighbour's Wife, takes her to his House, gets her with Child, and then kicks her out of Doors again, to the mercy of the wide world, and the fury of her Husband, not to speak a word of the Murder of Mr. G. and these are so well known, that there are many in Town acquainted with each Particular; and indeed I know something of the matter my self, having had the Honour to see her at his House at that time.

What will you think of him that hunts for a New Faith, sometimes once a Year, but for the most part, once every Seven Years? What will you think of him that was in a Plot to murder the King he always pretended to support? what think you of him that was in another Plot, to murder and despoile that King that had before pardoned him, and forgave all his Villanies and Treasons against him?

What will you think of him that railed and raved at the *Royal Party* in 1657. that railed at the *Fanaticks* from 1660. forwards; that railed at the Church of *England* in defence of Popery, in the Year 1687. and now curseth his own *Stars* that he wants power to be a greater — than he is.

What think you of him that would have suborned a man to have sworn Crimes against a *Gentleman*, even to *Life, Liberty* and *Estate*? This is such a *Villany*, that none but such who are perjured themselves, would ever attempt; *Suborners of Perjury*! why they are worse than *Highway-men* and *House-breakers*; for we may be safe from one sort by strong Doors and Walls, and from the other by staying at home; But who can be safe against false *Oaths*? who can be safe when two or three conspire together, and are willing to take a False *Oath* at the price of their own Damnation and Eternal Ruin: What shall we say? when a Man hath his Life snatched from him, by the False *Oaths* of two perjured Villains, and dies an Ignominious Death, for a Base and Scandalous Crime that he was never guilty of! (The Lord remember the sufferings of the people in the *Late Bloody Reigns*.) Perjury is such a Crime, that next to Murder, our *Lawgivers* have thought fit to make a severe Act for the punishment of such Offenders; and yet you see when Malice rides abroad Rampant, and Conscience stays at home, it is no hard thing to find a certain Saint, that used to go with abundance of Devotion to the *Abby*, who is willing to undergo not only the Drudgery of *Swearing*, but Swearing falsely, or at leastwise to persuade others to do it, which if there is any difference, is the worst Crime of the two; and I doubt not but every one who is willing to persuade others to such Offences, are ready to do it themselves, or else have been guilty of the same Crimes formerly. Who can have the impudence to look God or Man in the Face, without blushing, or a dejected Countenance, when he knows his Soul is loaded with such a horrid Villany, and his Conscience tells him every moment, that he deserves the punishment due to so heinous a thing; or else on his Knees he ought to confess it, and beg the *Gentleman's* Pardon, if he is not past Grace and Repentance.

And so I come to consider a *Pamphlet*: lately sent forth into the World without a Name, as if the Author of it was either afraid or ashamed to own what he had done; or else by reason of other Crimes, he thought his Name, instead of making his Book sell, might have damn'd it to a perpetual oblivion and have saved us the labour of reading it; *Ex pede Hercules*; by the Man you may know the

the Matter; and you may be certain that *J. G.* can as soon eat that Paper, as write a Treatise without his Two *Martyrs* in it; just like *Roger* wedded to *Forty One*. And tho it comes without the Author's Name in the Title Page, yet I can without the help of the Stars, tell it came out of *Brick-Court*, and that *John Gadbury* is the Author of it; which he calls *Merlini Liberati Errata*; which I will consider, and give an Answer to his material Objections therein alledged against me; and do assure him, that as I have already made him appear a *Knave*, so I will shew the World he is also a *Fool*, especially in that *Profession* he pretends to, which is the *Art of Astrology*; and likewise how silly, as well as false, the most part of his Objections are, passing by his witticisms, as well as his Reflections, being sensible that the best of Authors, nay, the Word of God too, hath been defamed and abused by the Witty *Jests*, &c. of Debauched Men; and by some in particular, of *J. G.*'s Acquaintance that I could name.

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AN.





A N  
A N S W E R  
T O H I S  
Idle P A M P H L E T.

**I**N his Title Page I perceive he is an earnest Honourer of his *King*, &c. I am glad to hear of such a Reformation, for it is not three years since he was accus'd of being in a Plot to *dethrone* and *murder* the *King*; and to this day he cannot in conscience take the Oaths to *Their Majesties*, and yet an earnest Honourer of the *King*, &c. It would be convenient, I think, to ask him, *What King?* for I am sure our King is not his, if he cannot take an Oath to be true to Him.

In his Epistle to the Reader, he complains of my *Brutish Bowling*, and *Beastly Language*, which is needless (if true) seeing he pretends to be my Master; having taught me one by his *Bouncing Empty Writings*, and the other by his *Debauched and Beast-like Life and Conversation*. In the very next Words he takes care of the *Church and State*; meaning, I judge, that of *France*; for a *Papist* can never intend the *Church of England*; if he doth, and designs what he says, he is damn'd by his own Principles; but you may see he hath undertaken to patch up the Cause, and therefore let it be so; and for his two Martyrs, I refer my Reader to *M. G. Ludlow's Letter* for the one, and to the *Cruelties of the Star-Chamber* (especially *Dr. Layton's Case*) for the other; for I have something else to do, than to spend my precious Time about such things as are not to my present Purpose. And at last of all, he calls out to the *Church of England* for help; one would think he might call to his own *Church*, if he knew which it was, which I doubt he doth.

doth not, after all this choping and changing of his Religions; for he always serves his God in the newest Fashion; and so I come to the Matter it self.

Pag. 6. The first thing he falls foul on shews the Fellow to be *top-full of Malice*; and what little things must serve him to make a noise with in my *Epistle*; I said, *This little Book will run the Nation thorough*; but that way did not please him, it seems, to express it; and therefore after a great deal of noisey stuff, he puts me, as he thinks, in a better way, to say this little Book shall run thorough the Nation; a very Learned Distinction, and after his usual Banter, he adviseth the Nation to be provided of good *Surgeons*, I suppose he means *Cloath-Surgeons*, alias, *Strand-lane Garret-men*: As for the Cause of our *Difference* mentioned in that Page, I shall take notice in another Place, more proper than this. and also set the *Goad* and the *Awl* he mentions there against his *Bodkin* and *Needle*, and let his *Sixfooted-Straglets* take which they please to contend for their Master's Honesty, when he was saving the Remnant; in the same Page he quarrels because I say, there were no material *Rays* and *Positions*, &c. and then the *Blockhead* with his *Rumbling Nonsense*, draws an Inference, as if I said there were no *Rays* and *Positions*. I said there were no *Rays* material, to give any kind of remarkable things in the *Air*, or *Mundane Affairs*; but our *Popish-Jugler* is for any thing, so he can but make a noise: *Oh the Impudence of the Fellow!*

Pag. 71b. In *February*. I wonder he should be so impudent to deny there was a *Popish Plot* going on in *February*, according as I predicted it, from the preceeding Conjunction of *Mars* and *Saturn*, in the *Gadburian Sign*; when he knows he himself (like an ill man) was taken a few Months afterwards, as he was sending *Treasonable Letters*, *Popish Declarations*, &c. to his *Popish Conspirators*, to embroil the King and Government; here it is plain the Design was they going on, or else I must conclude *John* made a *Plot* himself, on purpose to verifie my Prediction, and now takes this Opportunity to let the World know how kind he was to me; 'tis strange that *Nature*, his *Stars*, his *Parents*, and his *Profession*, should all conspire to compleat this Monster of *Mankind*; he was doubtfully begot, painfully born, *thoroughly* bred; *whorishly* vicious, *impudently* lives, and doubtless will as *knavishly* die; And then for the Story of the *Stars* giving. I will talk with him by and by. Pag. 7. In *March* he tells me, *I mention a great Congress of the Planets in Pisces*, which is a most notorious *Falshood*: My words are these, *We here find no less than*

than six of the Seven Planets in Watery Signs, &c. and at that time they were all in Watery Signs, except Mars, and not one Word of a Congress there, till you come to the next Paragraph, where the word Congress is used, and I suppose not improperly, when there are Five Planets in one Sign; Ah my Popish Apostate! thou hast been always gifted with Lying and Treason, ever since you gave over going to the Abby Church.

Page 8. April. He makes a great noise about the Word give; I having said, *The Planets give such, and such things*; methinks the Word may do well enough, tho the Stars have no hands: What think you John? We give a man a good Word, Why hath the Tongue hands? You gave the Wench a Clap, What hath your Belly Hands? I give my consent, Prethe how shall this be done? perhaps I go to do it, Hath my Feet Hands? my Brain contrives it, Hath that Hands? at last my Tongue actually doth it, and yet no Hands: so that we shall let the Members together by the ears, who it is that gives this Consent, and this may be done by a man that hath no Hands: Well, but I am condemned for a Fool and Black-head, to use it, and that it is a very improper word: Let it be so, I will find a Companion presently: There was a Sorry empty Treatise a few years since, written by an Impudent Fellow in Brick-Court, and called a Collection of Nativities, in which he printed a hundred Aphorisms; and no less than seven of those Aphorisms have the very same word, and just so applied; as it is by me, as in Aphor. 13. *Fixed Stars on the Angles of a Nativity, give the Native eminent honour, &c.* Apho. 22. again gives the Native, &c. Apho. 50. h and the O in the Second, give the Native an Estate. Apho. 67. & In the Houses of h gives an Excellent Understanding; and so in the 68, and 83 Aph. It seems when that Fellow writ these Aphorisms, this was a very good and proper way to express things, but now Jack, and the way of expressing things are changed. Well, what say you, are you and I Brother-Blockheads or not? remember the old Adage, *Turpe est Doctori cum culpa re darguit ipsum*; what! correct me, Jack, and guilty thy self of the very same Crime? and indeed it is so in most of the rest, if I had but time to examine all thy old Nonsense; thou hast lay so long by *Incapacitatus*, that thou art really mad thy self, and I fear thou must be sent to the College in Moor-fields, to have thy Senses restored, and thy Memory too, if possible: St. Paul and you, seem to be parallel in your Cases, but differ in the Terms; for Festus told him, *That much Learning had made him mad*; but that is none of your Crime; a great deal of Knavery and Impudence makes you so, with the want of the other.

Pag. 8. *May.* Indeed John you say, for when that *Almanack* was writ, there was no War in Ireland, for your Master had not been long landed then, but there were Wars and Confusions too; yet 'tis no matter, I must allow my Friend the use of his Talent, Lying, &c. It seems Mercury hath affronted him, or else I have, for using the young Gentleman's Name; for he says, That Merlin is constrain'd by the power of Mercury, to utter Lies, as Honest J. G. was to go to Mass in 1686. or to get his Maid with Child in 1681. And now I must shew my Parts in teaching my Master, for here he asks me a Learned Question, *How & in Taurus comes to concern Ireland and France?* Why I will tell you John, because you are a Friend, and because I would willingly keep your Friendship: All Countries do suffer, and are concern'd for Good or Ill, according as the Princes Nativities are affected or afflicted, not that I reject the Magical Figure of that Country, if it can be had: And now I think on't, Pray what Direction had Jamaica at the time of an Earthquake, by the Nonsensical Table of Directions that you bubbled those Gentlemen into a belief of? what must we say, was its Nativity false, or the Directions false? or did not J. G. know how to work them true? which is most likely, for he is a very Ignorant Fellow, and also very Impudent, or else he would be ashamed of this, as well as of his Prediction, That Dr. Oats should stand in the Pillory every year on certain days, and this as long as he liv'd; but he hath liv'd to see himself prov'd Fool and Lyar.

Pag. 9. *June.* Here our Popish Juggler would be nibbling at something, if he knew what, but it is not a rash matter, so it makes a noise, whether it is to the purpose or not; his Noise Objections are so silly, that I do not think it worth my Answer, for every Reader may easily see both his Folly, and his Malice: But for a Confirmation of his Skill in *Astrology*, I will here relate a short Story of his Confidence in one of his groundless *Predictions*, about his Friend Mr. Lloyd of Wales; The poor Gentleman having lain sometime ill of a Heftick, was at last given over by his Doctors, but he was unwilling to take the Sentence of Death from them contentedly, till he had acquainted his Friend Gadbury with what they said, and to request his Opinion about his Life or Death, and so writes him a Letter, and sent it to him by the Post; which being done, his Friends prevailed with him to make his Will, which he did, in which he gave J. G. 40 Shillings for his Judgment on his Case; so Mr. G. writes his Answer, and told him, That his Doctors were Fools, and did not understand either his Case, or their own Business; and also assur'd him upon the Reputation of a Brick-Court

Court Juggler, that he would live two years, and some few Months, and of this he was certain; so away went the Epistle; but before it came to hand, his Friend was dead; and the Copy of his Letter is now in Town, in a Physician's hand, who told me the Story, and perhaps it may be printed for the use of him and his Friends. Now pray tell me what is J. G's Credit and Reputation worth in Astrology? for he assured him on his Reputation, &c. but I can tell him, he is far better at Faub-Hunting, than at reading a Lecture on the Effects of the Stars.

Pag. 9. On July. Here our Paraphrastical Coxcomb would be writing a Comment on he knows not what, and repeats my words about the *sun Lights being in a Mundane Parallel with Jupiter*, and tells his Reader the Reason why it cannot be so, and that is because the *Lunation* did not fall in Cancer, but Leo; Ha, ha, he! Did ever Soul hear such Ignorance and Nonsense, set off with so impudent a Flourish; and I am certain he knows not what a Mundane Parallel is, nor how to work it; and yet this is the Fellow that sets up for my Master; but Ignorance seldom goes without Confidence and Lying; and this being proved false, all the rest he says on that Month is of the same Stamp, which he had by the help of his old Friend, the Father of Lies.

Pag. 10. In September. Here he chargeth me with Lying; he might indeed with a Mistake; for the Moon did apply first to the Sextile of Saturn; I own that, but it was a Mistake, and no design to do so; but I shall be even with him by and by, and I suppose he knows I will.

Pag. 9. In October. He quarrels with something, but what he cannot tell: I do say, *That there were five violent Lunations, and most of them in Libra*: It is true, What would my Popish Prophet be at, I wonder? there was one on September 15. one on Septem. 22. a third on Septem. 30th. and a Fourth on October the 8th. and all these were in *Libra*; and all of them violent; therefore the most of them were there, as I said before, which is the very thing he carps at; but any thing to make a noise with; be sure the empty Cask makes the greatest sound; Why doth not he clear that thing to the world, that I have charg'd upon him, about the MC. to the Body of Saturn in his own Nativity, that came up, as he affirms, in the Year 1670. and is a most ruinous Direction, according to his own Rule; pag. 189. in *Doc. of Nativ.* and yet gave him nothing but Grandeur, contrary to its Nature, and his Rule; then it was every one pull'd in his horns at the dash of his Pen, not da-



ring to creep out in their own vindication: Is it so now too? I think not.

Pag. 9th. In *Novem*. Here the word *Wretched* affects him; I suppose it is because the word best suits his Inclinations, for he is a *Wretched Fellow*, as you may see by the *Actions of his wretched Life*, that precede this Part.

Pag. 11. *December*. In his witty Harangue on this Month, he first makes a Puppet of his own. and then sets it up and laughs at it; it is he indeed that makes the Nonsense; I do quote these words, *Significat bellum, effusum sanguinis, ac multam tuam Febrium*; and do say the *French King* would feel its Effects; for a Prince may suffer by the loss and destruction of his People, as well as in his own Person; so after he hath in his way ridicul'd, these things, he condemns our poor *Merlin* for a very silly ignorant Fellow; and gives the Chair to our *Blackthumb'd Merlin*; and then I am sure he will chuse a couple of *Lowsy Strand-lane Centinels* with Bodkins in their hands, and a Case of Needles by their sides to be his Guard, and *Verax in Brick Court* is to be the Right-hand man; so now I think we are all fitted with Places, and being provided, I hope we shall be contented, and live lovingly as we used to do; and so I come to the end of his Opinion on my *Twelve Months*; and now to shew you he is a very silly ignorant impudent Fellow, I will give him a home-thrust at once, and expose him to the world, tho I think I cannot make him more notorious than he is; yet I will give my Bodkin-Prophet a Glimpse of his Skill, which I am sure he cares not to hear. In his *Epistle* to that *Ephemerides* that he stole from *Hickar*, he tells *Sir Freck. Holler*, he should live some Decades of years; First here's his Impudence, he affirms he should live some years; secondly his Ignorance, the Gentleman died within Six Months after: Is not this a very fine *Astrologer*, and fit to be a Corrector of others? In his own *Nativity* he tells us he passed the MC. to the Body of *Saturn* 1670. and gave him nothing according to its Nature. In the *Nativity* of the Princess *Royal Collect. Geniur.* pag. 20. he says she married on the *Mischivation*, to the Body of *Mars*, and yet he sends *Bishop Laud* to the Tower on the very same Direction, pag. 90. of the *Collect.* And he kills *Charles Gustavus*, King of *Sweden* on the MC. to the Body of *Saturn*, which in his own gave nothing at all. Certainly whoever reads these Contradictions, must judge *Astrology* a very idle Study, or else our supposedly Learned *Tumble Conjuror* to be a very ignorant Fellow. How *John!* you my Master, and guilty of this Nonsense!

My



My Master was no *Faith-bunter*, but a Man of a steady Reputation, one that understood *Astrology* better than this, and how to reach it better than you do: Before you quarrel with me in point of *Art*, I challenge you to make these Things clear to the World, in an *Astrological* way, which if you do not, you must expect to hear from me about them another time. You the *Tip-man*, and *Bell-weather* of the whole *Society of Astrologers*: Are not you a fine Reputation to your *Profession*? you shall have the Chair, but it shall be to shew in, not to read *Astrology*, unless it is a Nonsensical one.

Pag. 12<sup>b</sup>. On the *Winter-Quarter*. Here he shews himself in his True Colours, and to any one that understands what a Mundane Parallelis, he will soon appear to be what he really is, a Malicious little Fellow; and therefore I will not spend time about this, for it answers it self, and doth not want mine.

Pag. 12. On the *Spring-Quarter*: Here my *Thimbletuanian* doth charge a notorious Lie upon me; for he says that 24 of 2 ascends, &c. when I say 19 of 28 doth; pray you that understand how to set a Figure, enter the Column of Time from Noon, with 15h. 25m. and see if the 24<sup>th</sup> Degree of  $\pi$  will not be on the Tenth House; and 19 of *Capricorn* ascending; if so, What doth the Fellow make a noise about? you see he sticks a Feather in his own Cap, and laughs at his own Folly; for he says himself, that I give the Ingress at 15 h. 25 m. P.M. and for my saying there may be a mistake of a Sign, two or three in the Ascendant, when Signs of short Ascension rise in the East, is no strange thing; for Operations of that nature being wrought by divers Tables, will differ one or two Hours in time, perhaps more; and it is well known to all Pretenders to *Astrology*, that  $\pi$ ,  $\kappa$ ,  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$  are but 4 hours ascending, and two of those Signs but 50 Minutes a piece, which proves what I say; and so he goes on to ridicule me for *Mundane Aspects* and *Parallels*, which I am sure he does not understand: And now pray do but observe the Ignorance and Impudence of this Fellow that pretends to correct me, that am more true and exact than himself.

In his own *Popish Almanack*, pag. 4<sup>th</sup>. He says that the  $\odot$  enters  $\gamma$ , no, *March* the 9<sup>th</sup> at 6 Hours, 42 Min. after-noon 1693. and how he will prove this, seems strange to me, without some *Popish* Miracle; for in his *Almanack* the *Sun* at Noon, wants 16 Min. to enter *Aries*, which gives in time 6 Hours and 30 Min. which falls short of 6. 42. and therefore if you examine *Shakerly's* Tables, the Sun

Sun by them enters  $\Upsilon$  at 7 hours 10m. P.M. and these are the Tables which he pretends to go by. Hence it is plain he hath impudently impos'd a time upon us, not agreeable to his own *Almanack*, nor the Tables he pretends to, which shews him both ignorant and confident. He understand the *Stars* ! he knows better how to cuckold his Wife, and lie with his Maid (as he call'd her) than to work any *Mathematical Operation*: The *Fellow* is certainly mad, and how it came to pass I am not certain, unless his *Priests* made him so when he was a *Papist*, or that he hath taken a *Frenzy* by Contagion, in lying by his Mad Wife; for in 1686. or 87. for the lucre of a little Money, he married a Woman that was really mad, and so she is still, and a *Papist*.

Pag. 14. On the *Summer Quarter*, he here carries on the Rattle as before, and the principal thing is to prove my Figure false, and wittily objects at my Saying, *where Armies are in the Field*; and asks me, *If ever I knew Armies in a House?* a very wise Question; but I shall answer my *Popish Laplander*, with an Examen of his most erroneous Calculation, for the *Summer Ingress*, 1693. which he tells us, *Is at 8 hours 48 Min. PM. June 10th*. Now if you will but work that *Ingress* by *Shakerly's Tables*, you shall find that it is at 43 Min. past 9. differing almost an hour in time from his, and this from them Tables that he pretends to work by: and I hope his Worship will allow that an hour in time, makes a great alteration in a Figure of the Twelve Houses. What think you now of my Corrector, is he ignorant or impudent? I judge it was from such Rules and Grounds he promised the *Papists*, *Thus Popery should continue in England for ever*.

Pag. 14. In the *Autumn Quarter*; that is to say, in his Dialect, *Cucumber-Time*, here he is upon the old Rumble again, and as true as the former: But prithee John, *Why shall I not be true to my Wife, if I marry?* Here you might have forbore that especially, when you consider how you used your first Wife; Take one into the House, and get her with Child under her Nose; *What do you mean by being just?* it is not in your Nature; you were never just to God nor man, Ergo not to your Wife. And for my coining of false Books, that charge lieth at your Door, not mine: And let me tell you, I have begun to publish a Doctrine that shall stand when you and I are gone; but I will take care to give the World an account of what you have writ, and that very speedily too. But you, Mr. John, would do well to have your Calculations done better next year, for at the *Winter Ingress*, by the Sun's place, it is at three quarters past 12 at Night,

Night; and *Shakerly* at half an hour past one; but an hour is a small matter in *John's* Calculations.

Pag. 15. Of the Eclipses. I will answer the first in your own *Almanack* for 1693. pag. 4. You say the ☾ will be eclipsed near out 4 in the Morning; and yet in *January* you say the full Moon is at 3 in the Morning; in the same page you say the Sun will be eclipsed the 16th of *December*, at our Midnight; and yet in *Dec.* you say it is at one in the Morning; what! is there the difference of an hour between the Full Moon and her Eclipse, and between the New Moon, and the Sun's Eclipse? for shame do not be guilty of these fulsome Contradictions; pritheer forbear correcting others, till you mend your own Faults, and understand better, or else you and your Family must go to the Colledge in *Moorefields*; With these fulsome Errors, remember you tell us in your lying *Ephemerides*, That the Sun's Eclipse in *June* will be almost total: And in your *Popish Almanack* for 1692. you say, it will be but half a Digit: What Stuff this is to come from *John Gaddbury*? *fie John fie*, are not you ashamed of this? I am sure you may, only I think you are past shame.

And for the Quotation *Jack* carps at, I do assure him he is mistaken; and whosoever will look into *Ptolomy, Lib. 6. Quadrip.* they will find the same Words, only in another Language; but for that Book I am sure, *John* understands it not, nor never will; and therefore *Proclus* and *Ptolomy* are indeed all one to him.

And as to the Second Eclipse I mentioned, I did not take it from the patch'd-up 20 years *Ephemerides* that he falsely calls his, but from *Mazzovachis*, who doth assure me it was almost 7 Digits and a half, and said, almost three Parts of the Moon's Body would be darkned: Pray then where is the Error that this foolish Fellow makes a noise about? In the two other Eclipses he shews his Malice and his Ignorance in carping at my Quotation of *Junctine*; for the Texts there alledged, he knows very well they are printed by *Junctine* in his *Speculum*; and if so, Where is the cause for this silly rattle-headed Fellow's Noise and Clamour? I am afraid really the Fellow must to *Bedlam*, and his Family too, if the Mad-Moon doth not prove the more kind to him; and so I come to the NB.

Pag. 17. Here he wriggles about, and I cannot tell well what he would be at, but at last he quarrels with my false *Grammar*; pray see his Ability to correct me, in pag. 81 and 82. *opus Reformatus*; but at last he concludes my measure of Time is mortal, because I use the word *Expire*: Pray *Jack* tell me if your Measure of Time doth

not:

not expire, how do you know when your Direction begins to operate? for according as I understand it, when the measure of an Ark of Direction is out, or the Years, Months, and Days, are expired, allowed by that Measure, then the Direction begins to shew its Effects; if so, I am right in the Word *Expire*; and again, if your Measure is as you say, Immortal, and hath no End, how is it a Measure? for Time it self, that is to be measured, is not immortal, then how can your Measure be so? and every Measure is extremely less in length, than the thing measured; but this Objection is one of the exquisite Points of your Nonsense; and besides, thou art one of the impudentest Fellows in nature; for I say, at the  $\square$  of  $\odot$   $\eta$ , the same is on the Moon's radical place, she at his Birth being near 6 degs. in  $\mathcal{Q}$ , and when the Sun came to fix in  $\mathcal{Q}$ , he was applying to the Square of Saturn, within about five Degrees: What! doth such silly Cavils as these become the Great man in *Brick-court*? *Eia for shame, learn more wit, or else more modesty.*

Pag. 18. I do confess the *French King's Nativity* is as certainly mine, as the *Merlini Liberati Errata* was *Jack Gadbury's*; nor do I disown any of it, tho I confess it was done by the approbation as well as the instigation of *J. G.* nor do I deny his *Nativity* to be a great one; but this doth not hinder him from being a *Tyrant* and an *Oppressor*, and I was deluded by *Jack* at that time, to print that *Tyrant's Nativity*, and it was he that provided me a *Bookseller*, with whom I suppose he agreed to bubble both the *Printer* and the *Author*, for I never had a penny for my *Copy*, tho perhaps he had; Remember *Stow's Chronicle*, *Jack*.

At the same time that he encouraged, and put me upon doing this thing, he then also gave me a *Copy* written by himself, called *Utrum Eorum*; *Rome or Geneva*, *Never a Barrel better Herring*; designed against all Religions, but most chiefly against the Reformed Protestant Profession; this he bid me carry to one Mr *Reynolds* a *Bookseller* (which I did) and desire him to print it with my Name to it; but he refused to do it (asking me; *If I knew what it was?*) I told him, *I knew nothing but the Title* (believing my Friend *J. G.* would not have put an ill thing upon me); he said, *It was an ill thing, and against Religion, and therefore he would not print it*; and the *Copy* I believe I have by me still; and had this *Villanous Book* been also done in print, I doubt not but he would abuse me for it, as well as he doth for the other; and to say the truth, it is his *Doctrine* and *Method*, but both false; yet it was my Labour and Pains taken in the compiling of it; all which I do at present disown in this my *Pra-*  
tice,

Office, having a Method more agreeable to Nature, and the real Motion that we all contend for; and let this Fellow, if he can, shew what I have said in any Predictions about him; that is opposite to the very matter he relates. — But at the bottom of that page, he says, *He owns it his duty to serve the King and Country in Purse and Person, and this he resolves to do cordially*: You serve the King both with Purse and Person! yes, so you did in 1690. with your *Popish Declaration*, and your *Treasonable Letter*. You boast of your Loyalty! I suppose you mean to your *Popish King*: Do you think *Non-resistance* is not a Duty now; as well as it was six or seven Years ago? leave off your canting and your lying, and learn your Duty to God and our King, without *Popish* and *Knavish Equivocations*.

*Pag. 19.* If there were nothing else to prove that *Pamphlet* writ by *J. Gadbury*, this Page of it self is sufficient; for I think no man but him hath a Face so qualified, to put such a Falshood upon the World, and to entertain his Reader with the relation of a Story, that gives the lie to his own knowledge, at the same moment; and therefore I do refer it to every, or any Reader for judgment, provided he hath not been of too many Religions. He chargeth me with saying, *That I knew no ground of a difference in the Year 1696. and now in 1687. I pretend to find one*: I stand amazed to think any man should have such a Stock of Impudence to tell such a notorious Lie with so much Confidence, and therefore pray hear the Story fairly. In the *Epistle* to my *Almanack* 1690. I have these Words, *The Ground of our Difference I know not, and would desire him to tell that; but when I was beyond Sea, and he thought he should never see me more, he wrote a Book against me, called a Reply, so full of Malice, Ill Language, Lies, and malicious Expressions, almost impossible to be believed, or that a Villain should be so ungenteel to a man in Tribulation, that never gave him the least occasion imaginable; if I did, let him speak, &c.* Now it appears that he takes the first six or seven words of the Paragraph, and from thence says I tell the world, *I know no cause of difference*: 'Tis true, I say so still, *I know no cause he had to begin that Quarrel with me*; and he knows he began, for he printed first, and abused me basely, and that was the Cause on my side; but the Cause on his, and the reason why he writ that villanous Reply in 1687. I know not, and therefore would desire him to tell it, for it is not his Impudence, and *Popish* way of lying shall silence me, so long as I have Justice on my side: The first occasion of our difference did indeed appear to me, in the end of September 1680.



he and I then being in company, I called his *Cousin Cellier* (so he then own'd her) a hard Name, for which I thought he would have beaten me, but that I was not willing to it: There was also another Reason about that time; for one day he told me in some Anger, *That I had spoil'd my Fortune by writing against Popery in my Prodigium*, a little thing that was published about the time he was in Goal; these things might broil in his Stomach all this while, as indeed I know they did; and tho I have heard by others of his scurrilous Reflections on me, I always spoke of him with respect, and gave him a good Report; and however these might be the occasion of difference on his side, I did not take notice of any thing s'll be printed in 1687. and that was the cause I contend with him; but what cause and reason he had to write that I know not, and desire him to tell me; for the cause of that Book must be the cause of our difference.

But at last he quarrels with *Merlin's Black-Thumb!* Alas, poor *John!* set *Merlin's Black Thumb* against *Jack Thimble's Black Life!* What! meddle with my Trade, when you know what a Broad-side I have at you? indeed *John* I thought you had been better furnished with Sense, than I find you are; remember from whence you came, you are indeed hot and heavy, like a *Taylor's Goose*; and therefore have at you in your own Way, and your old Trade.

'Tis a Champion great,  
My Muse doth relate  
With St. George and the rest of the Fighters  
How with Finger in Neck  
He did boldly attack  
His Bosom Friends, and his Backbiters.

Cross-Leg'd on his Throne,  
He govern'd alone,  
Notwithstanding his Hall was so near,  
He call'd for his Bodkin,  
And Thimble, that odd thing  
and obediently both did appear.

And because he shall not think I am grown dull and barren in Anagrams, I'll give him one in answer to his, tho not so Gallows high.

John Gadbury  
Bury'd in a Hog.  
As Hell of old did to the Swine retire,  
So the old Sow did the young Boar inspire

She got the Swine, Hell form'd this vici-  
ous Bog,  
And all her Pains was bury'd in  
[a Hog.

Pag. 20. As to the Book he here rails at, and reviles, there are more Astrological Truths in that contemptible Treatise, than ever he knew, or was able to inform the World of; and for his calling it a railing beastly Treatise, I shall only say this, *That I have a Nasty beast-like Fellow to deal with*; and let him, if he thinks fit, answer the Astrologick part, and let that which he calls railing alone; and I do assure him, I shall kiss his hand in Print again very speedily.



At last he asketh me, if *J. G.* is so bad a man as I represent him to be, how doth he keeps clear of the Law, &c. Why *John!* were not you indicted by Mr. *Goddin* for debauching his Wife? Were not you taken up in *Charles* the Second's Time, and kept in Prison 8 or 10 Weeks? Were you not taken up in the Summer 1690. and in custody 8 or 9 Weeks, and both these for Crimes against the Government; and do you call this escaping the Law all this while? take your self by the Memory again, and consider. And whosoever will but consider the number of men destroyed in 1685. Blood being then spilt in Pastime; and the Blood-hunting then, and in some Years before, he will soon be able to tell whether they were Bloody Reigns or not?

I find in the Conclusion that Mr. *J. G.* is going to publish a Book called the *Ungrateful Daemon dispossess'd*, I believe it will be a mighty ingenious thing, because it is founded upon *Conjuring*; for whoever goeth to dispossess a *Demon*, in *English* a *Devil*, must do it by *Prayers*, or by *Conjuring*; by *Prayer* he cannot, his Life and Conversation is too wicked to effect such a thing; but by *Conjuring* I cannot tell what to say to it, because it is a new Trade he hath taken up, and that he learn'd it of his *Priests*, with their *Hoc est Corpus*: But methinks if he could do it by *Conjuring*, he might have cast the *Devil* out of his Wife by this time, she being mad, and he having had her about six years, long enough to have done that, which to this day he hath not done; I am afraid he is a meer *Juggler*, and cannot conjure: However I will at the End of my Book, give him a Copy of Verses to put at the beginning of his; And they are as followeth:

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## In Commendation of *J. Gad.* and his New *Conjuring* Book.

**C**ALL good Assistance in, the Men of Note,  
Go fetch the Tapers, Rod and *Conjuring*-Coat:  
Now draw a Circle, draw it plain and fair,  
And in the middle place our *Conjurer*;  
Make all the horrid Signs and Characters,  
To raise in the Spectators dreadful Fears;

*Write*

Write all the Thundering Frightful Names thereof,  
 Of Anael, Raphael, Zadkiel, Metroton,  
 Pauiel, Cassiel, Tetragrammaton:  
 With Rod and Book in hand, let him appear,  
 Arm'd with the Cross, that makes his Devils fear:  
 Now is he safe, now let the Work begin,  
 Now let him call his Captain Devil in,  
 With all his Rake-hell Tribe, Old Satan by,  
 And bring with them Hell's Grand Artillery.  
 His Joyful Fiends thus met, with fury hurl'd,  
 We'll leave them now to dispossess the World;  
 Go call Queen Mab, and Great King Oberon,  
 And ask them what the Devil they have done?  
 To send a Fool, a Fool that prides himself  
 Of being Chief, nay, the Chief Sovereign Elf;  
 Satan's Successor Heir, the Errant Faerie,  
 That pinch'd by Night the Thighs of Joan and Mary;  
 This Prince of Demons, that commands each Elf,  
 What! cast them out of others, not thy self?  
 The Reason's plain, be to himself a civil,  
 He is a Compound, and the most part Devil:  
 Then who can think the Elf from's self will run,  
 That Satan e're will dispossess his own.  
 What! cast out Demons now, is Trade grown slack,  
 True Juggler still, here's honest Conjuring Jack.  
 Your Wife is mad, pray let your Skill appear,  
 Begin at home, cast out the Devil there.  
 But hold, to give Advice in that I'm loth,  
 You Two being one, one Devil serves you both:  
 Nay, 'tis a frugal way, can you agree,  
 One Single Devil serves a whole Family.  
 But what's one Devil to the mighty Host,  
 When Jack himself can of his Legions boast.  
 Well, by these Tales now may'st thou prefer,  
 Thy Prince's Slaves, and Hell-born Conjuror.  
 Go Curse and Conjure with your Popish Crew,  
 Your Cross, your Dagon-Deity and You.

FINIS.